

149 Distant voice* **recorder on repeat* Ky ri e

149 Guitar

156 ky ri e e lei

156

161 son Chri ste e

161

165 lei son e lei son e lei son, e

165

171 lei son.

171

*[To be spoken during first
play-through]*

When we have left, what shall be left
behind?
Will this wake be long-ruffled in our
trail?
Will unborn generations something
find
Upon this deep we splash till eddies
fail?
And this, our lonely crying of a day,
Will it send echoes for tomorrow's
sky?
The traveller that yet must walk this
way,
Will he one hour to yesterday draw
nigh?

And think perhaps that many days
have run
Unheeded by life's ears, for none
was there beside the fading shadow
that each sun abandoned to its night,

To tell us where his own small
journey went;
For little things can sometimes linger
long
Where brief song sings.

Segue